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A N
O D D E
TO THE
S U N,
FOR THE
NEW-YEAR.

*Augur, & fulgente decorus arcu
Phoebus, acceptusque novem Camænis,
Qui salutari levat arte fessos
Corporis artus;
Alterum in Lustrum meliusque semper
Proroget ævum.*

Horat.

L O N D O N:

Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays-Inn Gate next
Grays-Inn Lane. 1707.

A N

O R D E R

TO THE

S E C R E T A R Y

FOR THE

NEW YEAR.

Printed by J. G. ...
at the ...
No. ...

Hon.

L O N D O N

Printed for ...
at the ...

I

A N
O D E
T O T H E
S U N, &c.

I.

BEGIN, Celestial Source of Light,
To Gild the New-revolving Sphear;
And from the Pregnant Womb of Night,
Urge on to Birth the Infant Year.
Rich with Auspicious Lustre rise,
Thou Fairest Regent of the Skies,
Conspicuous with thy Silver Bow!
To thee, a God, 'twas giv'n by *Jove*
To Rule the radiant Orbs above,
To *GLORIANA* this below.

B

II. With

II.

With Joy renew thy destin'd Race,
 And let the mighty Months begin:
 Let no ill Omen cloud thy Face,
 Thro' all thy Circle Smile serene.
 Whilst the stern Ministers of Fate
 Watchful o'er Pale *Lutetia* wait,
 To grieve the *Gaul's* Perfidious Head;
 The Hours, thy Off-spring Heav'nly Fair,
 Their whitest Wings should ever wear,
 And gentle Joys on ALBION shed:

III.

When *Ili*a bore the future Fates of *Rome*,
 And the long Honours of her Race began,
 Thus, to prepare the Graceful Age to come,
 They from thy Stores in happy Order ran.
 Heroes Elected to the List of Fame,
 Fix'd the sure Columns of Her rising State:
 'Till the loud Triumphs of the *Julian* Name
 Render'd the Glories of Her Reign compleat,
 Each Year advanc'd a Rival to the rest,
 In comely Spoils of War, and great Atchievements drest.

I. Say

I.

Say PHOEBUS, for thy searching Eye
Saw *Rome* the Darling Child of Fate,
When nothing equal here could vie
In Strength with her Imperious State;
Say if high Virtues there did reign
Exalted in a Nobler Strain,
Than in Fair ALBION thou hast seen:
Or can her Demi-Gods compare
Their Trophies to successful War,
To those that rise for ALBION'S QUEEN?

II.

When ALBION first Majestick shew'd
High o'er the Circling Seas her Head,
Her the Great Father smiling view'd,
And thus to Bright *Victoria* said:
Mindful of *Phlegra's* happy Plain,
On which, Fair Nymph, you fix'd my Reign,
This Isle to you shall Sacred be;
Her Hand shall hold the rightful Scale,
And Crowns be Vanquish'd, or Prevail,
As *GLORIANA* shall Decree.

III. *Victoria*

III.

Victoria Triumph in thy Great Increase!
 With Joy the *Julian* Stem the *Tyber* claims,
 Young *Ammon's* Might the *Granic* Waves confess;
 The *Heber* had a *Mars*, a **CHURCHILL** *Thames*:
 Roll, Sov'raign of the Streams! thy rapid Tide,
 And bid thy Brother-Floods revere the **QUEEN**,
 Whose Voice the Hero's happy Hand employ'd
 To save the *Danube*, and subdue the *Sein*;
 And boldly Just to *GLORIANA's* Fame,
 Exalt thy Silver Urn, and duteous Homage claim.

II

Advanc'd to thy Meridian Height,
 On Earth, great God of Day, look down:
 Let *Windsor* Entertain thy Sight,
 Clad in Fair Emblems of Renown,
 And whilst in radiant Pomp appear
 The Names to Bright *Victoria* dear,
 Intent the long Procession view:
 Confess none Worthier ever wore
 Her Favours, or was deck'd with more,
 Than She confers on **CHURCHILL's** Brow.

II. But

II.

But oh! withdraw thy piercing Rays,
The Nymph anew begins to mean,
Viewing the much lamented Space,
Where late her Warlike *WILLIAM* shone:
There fix'd by her officious Hand,
His Sword and Scepter of Command
To deathless Fame adopted rest:
Nor wants there to compleat her Woe,
Plac'd with Respectful Love below,
The *STAR* that Beam'd on *GLOSTER*'s Breast.

III.

O *PHOEBUS*! all thy saving Pow'r employ,
Long let our Vows avert the destin'd Woe,
E'er *GLORIANA* Re-ascends the Sky,
And leaves a Land of Orphans here below!
But when (so Heav'n-Ordains!) her smiling Ray
Distinguish'd o'er the *BALANCE* shall Preside,
Whilst future Kings her ancient Scepter sway,
May her mild Influence all their Councils guide!
To *ALBION* ever Constant in her Love,
Of Sov'raigns here the Best, the brightest Star above.

I.

For lawless Pow'r reclaim'd to Right;
 And Virtue rais'd by Pious Arms,
 Let ALBION be thy Fair Delight,
 And shield her safe from threaten'd Harms:
 With Flow'rs and Fruit her Bosom fill,
 Let Laurel rise on ev'ry Hill
 Fresh as the First on *Daphne's* Brow:
 Instruct her tuneful Sons to Sing,
 And make each Vale with *Pæans* Ring,
 To *Blenheim* and *Ramillia* due.

II.

Secure of bright Eternal Fame,
 With happy Wing the *Theban* Swan
 Tow'ring from *Pisa's* Sacred Stream,
 Inspir'd by thee the Song began:
 Thro' Defarts of unclouded Light,
 When he Harmonious took his Flight,
 The Gods constrain'd the founding Sphears:
 Still Envy darts her Rage in vain,
 The Lustre of his Worth to stain,
 He growing Whiter with his Years.

III. But

III.

But PHOEBUS, God of Numbers, high to raise
The Honours of thy Art, and Heav'nly Lyre,
What Muse is destin'd to our Sov'rain's Praise,
Worthy her Acts, and thy informing Fire?
To him, for whom this springing Laurel grows,
Eternal on the Topmost Heights of Fame,
Be kind, and all thy *Helicon* disclose;
And all intent on *GLORIANA*'s Name,
Let Silence brood o'er Ocean, Earth, and Air,
As when to Victor *Jove* thou sung'st the Giants War.

I.

In sure Records each shining Deed,
When Faithful *Clio* sets to View,
Posterity will doubting read,
And scarce believe her Annals true:
The Muses Toil with Art to raise
Fictitious Monuments of Praise,
When other Actions they rehearse;
But half o' *GLORIANA*'s Reign,
That so the rest may Credit gain,
Should pass Unregister'd in Verse.

II. High

III

High on its own Establish'd Base
 Prevailing Virtue's pleas'd to rise;
 Divinely deck'd with Native Grace,
 Rich in it self with solid Joys:
 E'er *G L O R I A N A* on the Throne,
 Quitting for *A L B I O N*'s Rest her own,
 In Types of Regal Pow'r was seen;
 With fair Preheminance confest
 It Triumph'd in a Private Breast,
 And made the Princess more than Queen.

III.

O *P H O E B U S*! would thy Godhead not refuse
 This humble Incense, on thy Altar laid;
 Would thy propitious Ear attend the Muse,
 That Suppliant now invokes thy certain Aid;
 With *Mantuan* Force I'd mount a stronger Gale,
 And sing the Parent of her Land, who strove
 T' exceed the Transports of her People's Zeal,
 With Acts of Mercy, and Majestick Love;
 By Fate, to fix *Britannia's* Empire, giv'n
 The Guardian Pow'r of Earth, and Publick Care of Heav'n.

I. Then,

I.

Then, **CHURCHILL**, should the Muse Record
The Conquests by thy Sword atchiev'd;
Quiet to *Belgian* States restor'd,
And *Austrian* Crowns by thee retriev'd.
Imperious **LEOPOLD** confess'd
His hoary Majesty distress'd,
To Arms, to Arms *Bavaria* calls:
Nor with less Terror shook his Throne,
Than when the Rising Crescent shone
Malignant o'er his shatter'd Walls.

II.

The Warrior led the *Britons* forth
On Foreign Fields to dare their Fate;
Distinguish'd Souls of shining Worth,
In War unknowing to Retreat:
Thou, **PHOEBUS**, saw'st the Hero's Face,
When *Mars* had breath'd a Purple Grace,
And mighty Fury fill'd his Breast;
How like thy self, when to destroy
The *Greeks* thou didst thy Darts employ,
Fierce with thy Golden Quiver dress'd!

III.

Sudden, whilst banish'd from his Native Land,
 Red with dishonest Wounds *Bavaria* mourn'd;
 The Chief, at *GLORIANA*'s high Command,
 Like a rous'd Lion to the *Maes* return'd:
 With vengeful Speed the *British* Sword he drew,
 Unus'd to grieve his Host with long Delay,
 Whilst wing'd with Fear the Force of *Gallia* flew;
 As when the Morning-Star restores the Day,
 The wand'ring Ghosts of Twenty Thousand slain
 Fleet fullen to the Shades, from *Blenheim*'s mournful Plain

I.

BRITANNIA, wipe thy dusty Brow,
 And put the *Bourbon* Laurels on;
 To thee Deliver'd Nations bow,
 And bless the Spoils thy Wars have won.
 For thee *Bellona* Points her Spear,
 And whilst lamenting Mothers fear,
 On high her Signal Torch displays:
 But when thy Sword is sheath'd, again
 Obsequious she receives thy Chain,
 And smooths her Violence of Face.

II.

Parent of Arms! for ever stand
With large Increase of Fame rever'd,
Whilst Arches to thy saving Hand
On *Danube's* grateful Banks are rear'd.
EUGENE, inspir'd to War by thee,
Aufonia's weeping States to Free,
Swift on th'Imperial Eagle flies:
Whilst bleeding, from his azure Bed
Th'asserted *Iber* lifts his Head,
And safe his *Austrian* Lord enjoys.

III.

IO BRITANNIA! Fix'd on Foreign Wars,
Guileless of Civil Rage extend thy Name:
The Waves of utmost Ocean, and the Stars,
Are Bounds but equal to thy Sov'rain's Fame.
With deeper Wrath thy Victor Lion roars,
Wide o'er the subject World diffusing Fear;
Whilst *Gallia* weeps her Guilt, and Peace implores:
So Earth, transfix'd by fierce *Minerva's* Spear,
A gentler Birth obedient did disclose,
And sudden from the Wound Eternal Olives rose.

I. When

I.

When with Establish'd Freedom blest,
 The Globe to Great *Alcides* bow'd,
 Whose happy Pow'r reliev'd th' Oppress'd
 From lawless Chains, and check'd the Proud;
 Mature in Fame, the grateful Gods
 Receiv'd him to their bright Abodes,
 Where *Hebe* Crown'd his blooming Joys,
 Garlands the willing *Muses* wove,
 And each with Emulation strove
 T' adorn the *Churchill* of the Skies.

II.

For *ALBION*'s Chief, ye Sacred Nine!
 Your Harps with gen'rous Ardor string;
 With Fame's Immortal Trumpet join,
 And safe beneath his Laurel Sing:
 When Glad in Vines the *Sein* shall glide
 And duteous in a smoother Tide
 To *British* Seas her Tribute yield;
 Wakeful at Honor's Shrine attend,
 And long with living Beams defend
 From Night, the Warrior's Votive Shield.

III.

And *Woodstock*, let his Dome exalt thy Fame;
Great o'er thy *Norman* Ruins be restor'd;
Thou that with Pride dost * *EDWARD*'s Cradle claim,
Receive an Equal Heroe, for thy Lord.
Whilst ev'ry Column to Record their Toils
Eternal Monuments of Conquest wears,
And all thy Walls are Dress'd with mingled Spoils;
Gather'd on Fam'd *Ramillia*, and *Poictiers*,
High on thy Pow'r the grateful Flag display,
Due to thy *QUEEN*'s Reward, and *Blenheim*'s Glorious Day.

* *The Black Prince.*

for
for
for
for
for
1137

F I N I S.

A

BOOKS lately Printed for Jacob Tonson.

AN Ode, humbly Inscrib'd to the Queen: On the late Glorious Success of her Majesty's Arms, Written in Imitation of *Spencer's* Stile. By Mr. *Prior*.

A Pindarique Ode, Humbly offer'd to the Queen, on the Victorious Progress of Her Majesty's Arms, under the Conduct of the Duke of *Marlborough*. To which is prefix'd, a Discourse on the Pindarique Ode. By Mr. *Congreve*.

Ode for the Thanksgiving Day.

A Poem upon the late Glorious Successes of Her Majesty's Arms, &c. humbly Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Godolphin*, Lord High-Treasurer of *England*. By *N. Rowe*, Esq;

A Poem upon the late Glorious Successes, &c. Humbly Inscrib'd to His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*.

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

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